

eral sense, inculcating honesty, frugality and industrial activity into the lives of his members everywhere. Pastors, you need good common sense in business. Here many of us fail. Here many of us succeed.

I come now to one more very important duty of the pastor. It is that of visiting the sick, the sorrowing. Visiting the sick rightly, is a very fine art, which many have not attained to. There is much of science that can be utilized in the visit to the sick room. The pastor ought to be one who can help the sick one to get well. Some pastors are a positive injury to the sick person in their conversation and conduct while in the presence of the sick. The pastor must be wise, and carry sunlight and good cheer and hope and life in his words and very actions. Sometimes he or his helpers, must carry suitable and well prepared dainties to the mouth of the hungerless sick patient. The time will come when the sick man will send as quickly, and even more quickly for the minister, than the doctor because of his helpfulness. I do not say that the pastor must do all this himself personally, but he must at least wisely *oversee* this department of his work, and where the membership is not too large he may see each sick person personally.

When death comes into the home, or comes at all, there too, the pastor needs to be wise, and possessed with much discretion. To give real lasting, and true comfort to the mother and father who have lost a dear little babe, is a great Christian accomplishment, and can be done only by those in whom we have confidence. To be able to impart true consolation to the wife who has lost a loving husband, or to the husband who has lost a wife, is your duty, my brother pastor. You must therefore know how to appeal to the higher and spiritual faculties of the soul and turn one from the transitory things of life, to the eternal and heavenly. Your duties consist also in going out to enlarge your flock, to seek and to save sheep gone astray, souls who are perishing. You must have a *burning* desire to further the good of your flock and to win other sheep into your fold. To snatch them from satan into the service of the great shepherd and lead them into pastures green and by waters quiet. And to do this successfully, you *must* be in possession of the Holy Spirit. Without *him* you will fail. With *him* you will succeed. You will have *him* if you will obey Jesus Christ and ask him for the Spirit.

When some people go forth to bury their prejudices they merely plant them.—*Dallas News.*

A half choice of Christ is a whole choice of the world.

THE MINISTRY OF PAIN

R. E. DARLING.

This world is a great university. Within it are Professors Joy, Pleasure, Rapture and Happiness, but there are other professors before whom we must stand. They are Professors Trouble, Sorrow, Adversity and Pain, they are great teachers. The path from the cradle to the grave is strewn with thorns of pain and trouble. This path goes through the deserts of adversity and pain as well as through the gardens of pleasure and joy.

We come into existence in smiling infancy, but pain pinches us there. We take another step. We travel the sunny roads of pleasure, jolly companions are ours, birds and butterflies of happiness fly about us, we gather fruits and flowers of pleasure, romping brooks of joy play at our feet. We pluck the flowers, we repose on the banks of the brooklet, but the serpent of pain bites us there. We take another step, we delve into science, we travel height after height in education, we unlock the laws of hidden stars, we listen to the song of revolving galaxies of worlds, we have reached the summit, but our hair has become gray, our cheeks are sunken with weariness, old pain sits before us, there. We take another step. We are at the open grave, with tottering and feeble steps we reach its brim, sitting down we look into its dismal cany, then we look back on the path of our past lives and see it strewn with thorns and briars, but as we look through the dark, damp, dismal depths of the grave, there is a beautiful path beyond which is strewn with roses that bloom immortal. We now stand with our last study before Professor Pain which is death, and if we have been faithful we will receive our diploma, and with a smile we will travel this golden pathway to the city of glory.

We cannot escape this unfailing, detective pain; we may flee to the summit of the highest mountain, he'll be there to meet us, we may hide in the deepest cavern of the dark ocean, only to fall on the sharp thrust of his spear. One man has truly said, "Sorrows sweep over society like sheeted storms; blood flows like rivers, tears are too cheap to count." But why? Why must we suffer so? Why so much pain? These questions are as old as the human race. We cannot understand all these things, and yet we dare not question the wisdom and goodness of God. We know that in this world, daylight has its darkness, sunshine its clouds, flowers their thorns and so pleasure has its pains, but why?

We look on the tree of human life and there are the worms of ill health, tossing fevers, raging pains, and trembling thoughts.

Scores of diseases fly through this world like hungry vultures.

We may go into our homes, and bar the door and fasten the windows, but old pain like a thief will come in. He goes into every room, he'll search out every loved one, and reach for their lungs, their brain, their heart. He reaches for the "nestling" in the cradle, he hovers there until by consuming fever he drinks up its very life; he gnaws at old age until it falls in distress.

That grand good man Dr. Payson, gave as his dying testimony, "Every bone seems almost dislocated with pain, yet while the body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly happy and peaceful more happy than I can express." The most useful men the world has ever known have been linked with pain and suffering. Look at the martyrs who have gone to the stake and there amid fagots and flames they put on their immortal robes glittering with fire. Look at the Christians who have lain in the deep dark dungeons, lain there until the very chains rusted into their flesh. Oh! the pain. Pain of body and pangs of the heart, and distress of soul, but you say, why all this? I believe we would wish to live here forever if it were not for pain. God wants us to come home. These pains make us long to be at rest. In the giddy whirl of pleasure we would forget God if we were not pinched by pain and remorse. Pain leads the feet back in the right path when they have gone astray. No doubt that many of us today would be in the gulf of despair if it had not been for the rod of affliction in the hands of mercy that kept us back.

How pain hurts us when we see the vacant chair and the lonely rooms, "vanished feet walk not with us, the silenced voice speaks only in dreams." We've hardly had time to say, "good bye, Eva, or Lilly, or Charley." They are out yonder underneath the violets, with their little hands folded, while the "prattling immortal spirit" has winged its flight to the flowery coast of fadeless bloom, yonder waiting on the lower round of the golden staircase for loved ones to come home. God has a purpose. Does it not draw your minds from perishing things of earth to heaven and loved ones beyond the mystic river? Socrates said, "No man is fitted for ruling who has not known suffering." And we hear these words from the lips of Plato, "No woman is fitted for training children until she has been mellowed by grief and pain." The furnace of pain with her adder like tongues of adversity and affliction, burns away the dross of selfishness, pride, coarseness and vice. It is for the purpose of purifying our lives not consuming them. Pain makes us better men and women, we are more kind, more sympathetic, more charitable than we were before.

When we get home we will find that we owe many of the best things of our